

NYLONMOOD

VOL. 1

ISSUE 2

ADULTS ONLY

\$1.00

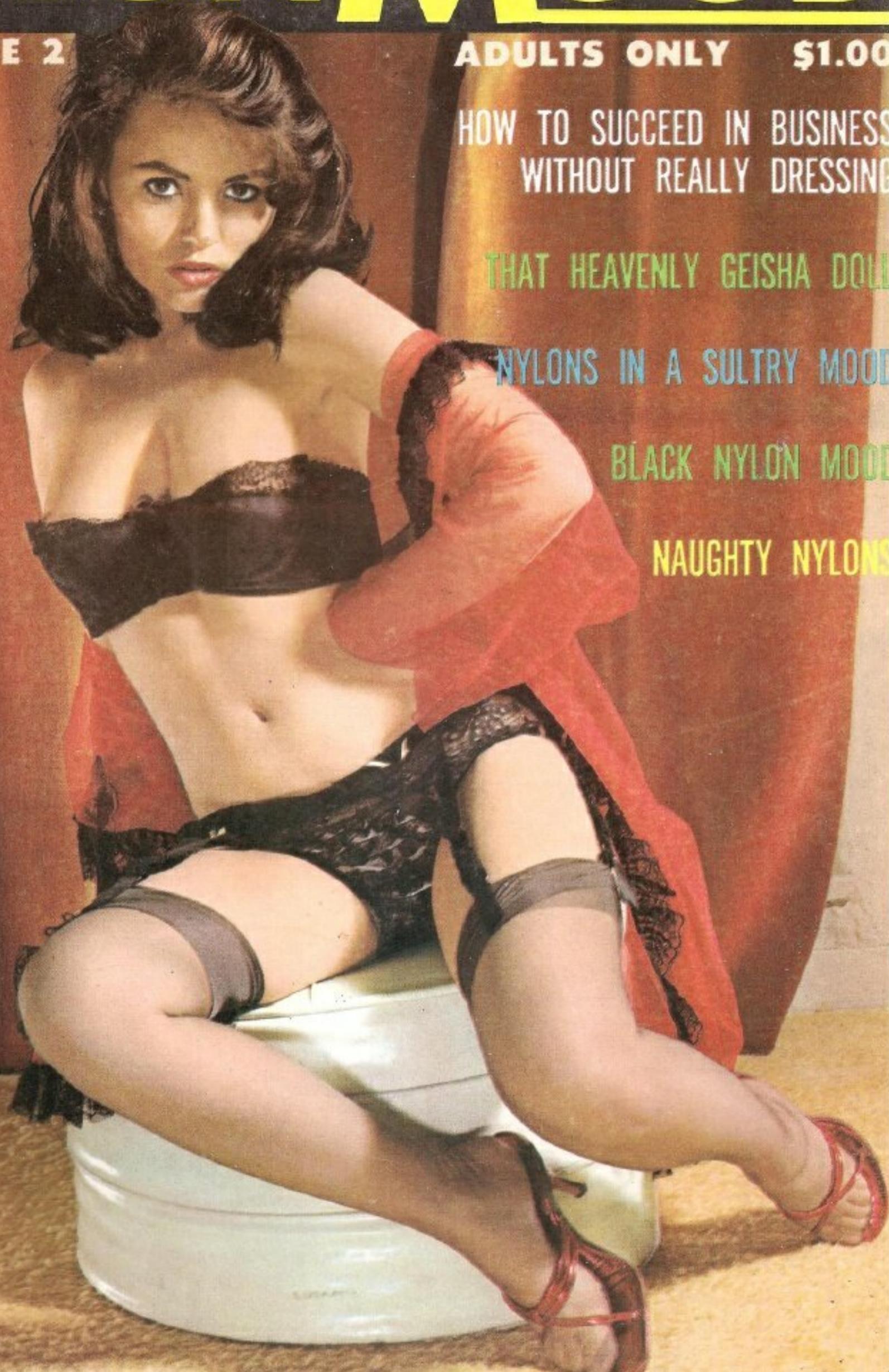
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS
WITHOUT REALLY DRESSING

THAT HEAVENLY GEISHA DOLL

NYLONS IN A SULTRY MOOD

BLACK NYLON MOOD

NAUGHTY NYLONS





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VOLUME 1 ISSUE 2

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TINA'S
BED
TIME
BOOK
OF
FAIRY
TALES





LITTLE MISS MUFFIT
SAT ON HER TUFFIT
EATING HER CURDS-AND-WHEY
SHE WINKED HER EYE
AT A SQUARE PASSING BY
AND NOW SHE EATS MIGNON
WE MEAN FILET

JACK AND JILL
WENT UP THE HILL
TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER
JACK FELL DOWN
AND BROKE HIS CROWN
DID HE DO SOMETHING
HE SHOULDN'T OUGHTA





MARY LOVED HER LITTLE LAMB, BUT SHE MARRIED A RICH OLD GOAT ! ! !

1 POTATO
2 POTATO
3 POTATO
FOUR
IF YOU CAN'T BRING ME SOME MONEY
DON'T COME ROUND HERE ANYMORE

RINGS ON YOUR FINGERS
BELLS ON YOUR TOES
WILL NEVER REPLACE
BLACK NYLON HOSE ! ! !





M—is for the Million things I gave him . . .
O—is for the money he does Owe . . .
N—is for the Nights he kept me waiting . . .
E—is for the Ecstacy he'd know . . .
Y—is for the Youth that I had wasted . . .
Put them all together
They spell MONEY
That's what I never got
From JOE





JACK BE NIMBLE
JACK BE QUICK
JACK BETTER HURRY
AND LEARN A NEW TRICK . . .

ROCK A BYE BABY
IN A TREE TOP
YOU MARRIED AN APE
A TREE'S ALL HE'S GOT . . .







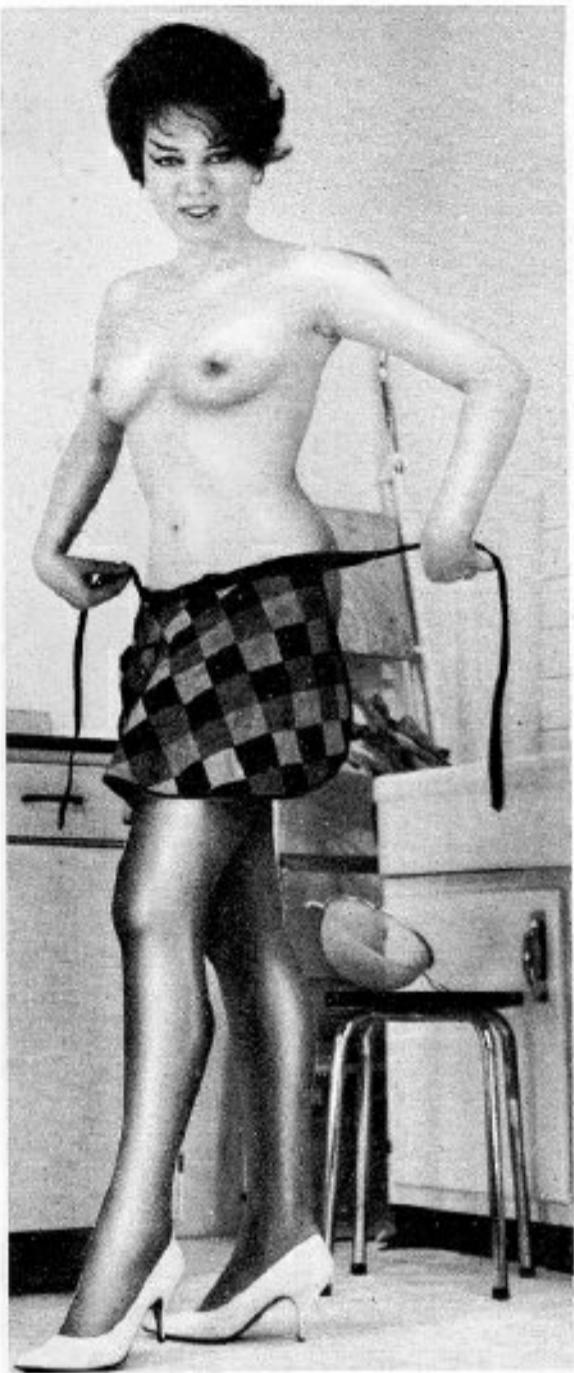


"But Rosie . . . I can't . . . I just can't give you another raise!"

NYLONS IN THE PANTRY

... MOTHER HUBBARD WAS A FRUMP . . . THE ONLY THING SHE KEPT BARE WAS A CUBBARD! ! !







or HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY DRESSING

Being a busy photographer's model is a snap for lovely and alluring Gina Montano. Despite a hectic schedule, she still manages to seek newer outlets in which she can emote before the cameras. While waiting for her big Hollywood break, Gina told us that she was trying to get work along Madison Avenue as a model for name-brand advertisements. She also mentioned some of the ideas she had for selling these products through a series of interesting and eye-catching poses. We were all ears as she rambled on about the soft sell. Soon we were all eyes as she proceeded to show us a few of her layouts. This immediately sold us on the idea. It figures then, that Gina Montano could sell the whole country on a national scale.

Here then are some of the shots she posed for—shots fashioned after the leading ad campaign slogans of the day. There are designed to lure in the consumer dollar with their original and fetching appeal. After looking them over you're certain to agree with us that with men who know torsos best, it's Gina 2 to 1 . . .

HAVE YOU THAT NICE TO BE
NEAR FEELING?

DOES SHE
OR DOESN'T SHE?



Don't Be Half-Safe!



Only Her Hairdresser Knows For Sure!

WHY DON'T YOU SETTLE BACK AND
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE...



DON'T LET ROMANCE FADE...
FADE...FADE AWAY...



Take The Worry Out Of Being Close!

IT'S WHAT'S UP
FRONT THAT COUNTS!



If It Hasn't Got It Here—It Hasn't Got It!

MY SIN



...The Best Paris Has To Offer.

I DREAMED I WAS AN ARABIAN PRINCESS
IN MY MAIDENFORM PANTIES



I CAN MAKE A NEW MAN OF YOU
IN ONLY 30 MINUTES A DAY!



That's All The Time I Need!

WILL YOU SPEND \$2
TO SAVE YOUR HAIR???



A Little Dab'll Do Ya!



ARE YOU EMBARRASSED
BY A FLAT SAGGING BUST??

*Better Things For Better
Living Through Chemistry!*

THE NEW LINES OF
THE FORWARD LOOK!



Body By Fisher

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP...



Picked From The World's Finest!

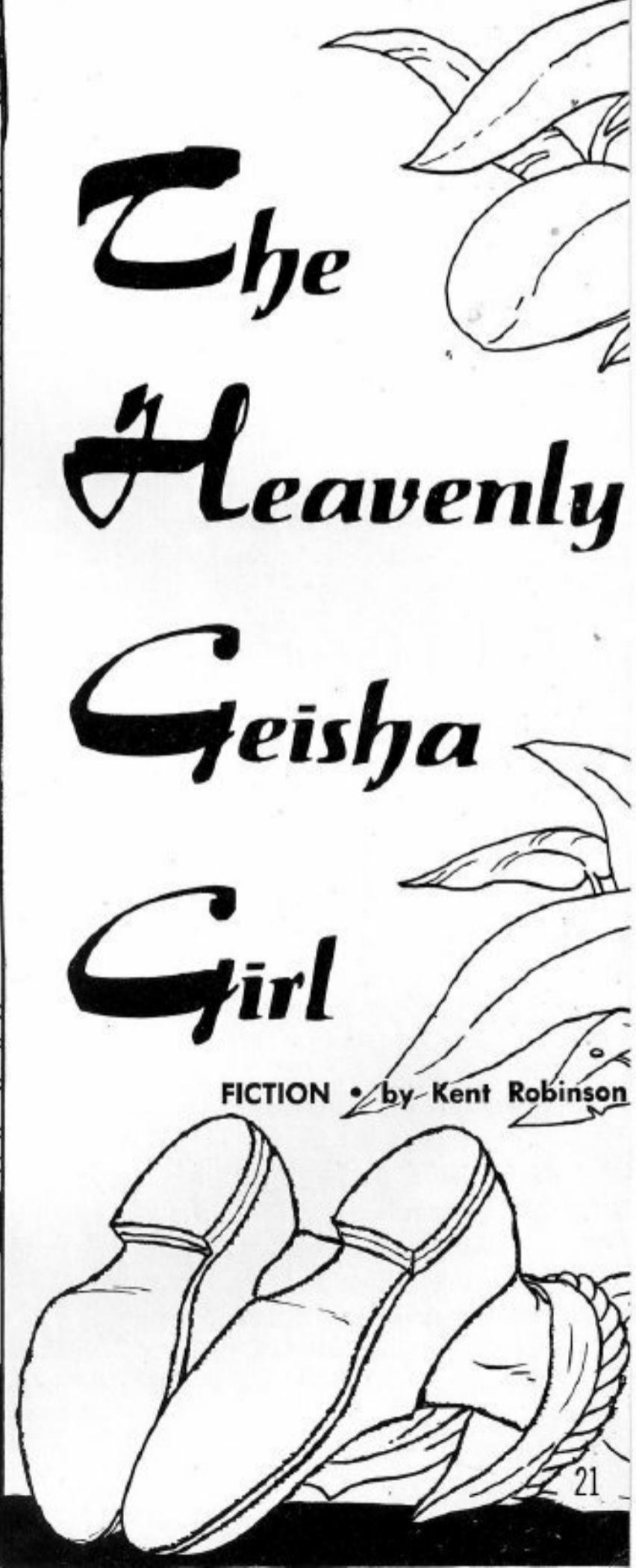
DO YOU WANT THE COOLNESS
OF COTTON NEXT TO YOUR SKIN?





The
Heavenly
Geisha
Girl

FICTION • by Kent Robinson



"We must not see each other again."

Eddie Newton could not believe his ears. He propped himself up from his bamboo mat and stared incredulously at the almond-eyed doll who was sitting placidly upon a wooden stool. "What are you talking about, Michiko? We've been together for the past six months. What kind of fool talk is that?" Even in calm anger, Eddie sensed a fire in his veins as he saw Michiko rising from the wooden stool in a Nipponese movement of grace that could not be duplicated. Eddie thrilled to the undulating movement of her firm hips beneath the floral kimona.

As she stood by the grinning bust of Buddha, spiral wisps of smoke from the incense burner held in his lap, she let the kimona fall apart in a careless gesture. The twin mounds burst forth in ivory smoothness, exposed in their exquisite glory. Michiko's small, rose-petal face was very pale. "Eddie-san, we have been most happy for a while. I have given you much pleasure, I hope."

"Damn right," he snapped, then stood up. He flushed, remembering his state of undress and quickly donned the silken robe lying on the immaculate wooden floor. It always embarrassed him to be exposed before Michiko and he could not understand why. She wasn't the first one . . . neither would she be the last. But he found a certain respect toward this doll-like creature with her tiers of black hair pierced by a huge chopstick of lacquered black and gold. "What do you mean about not seeing each other again?"

The bare room was silent. Outside could be heard the sing-song noises of the crowded Ginza, the neon-lit Broadway of Tokyo. Inside, the sparsely furnished room with bamboo chests, mats upon which the cross-legged guests would sit and sip tea from tiny cups, was strangely silent. In her humble manner, she explained, "My father who sold me to the Geisha house has now arranged for my marriage." She mentioned the name of a Japanese. He was one of the wealthiest in Tokyo. There wasn't a trick this sloe-eyed doll baby did not know and she could bring out the ultimate in any man. "As you know, Eddie-san, it is Geisha tradition that once a girl is betrothed, she must reserve her body for her intended."

Eddie Newton bit his lip and tried to keep from shouting. "That so? Well, how would your boy friend-san like it if I told him what we've been doing for the past few months?" Then he raised his voice. "And it's *not* a cash deal between us,

Geisha doll."

She flinched as though he struck her. "Eddie-san . . ."

"Shut up!" he was shouting now. "That's right —there's no money between us. You've been letting me come here for *free*—suppose he found out about that? Eh?" He strode toward her, gripped her shoulders and with a vicious movement tore loose the kimona.

She stood before him, gloriously naked. Michiko was a flawless doll. She had smooth neck and shoulders; her exceptionally full breasts rose from her rib cage, proud and firm. Like most Oriental females, they did not need any support. She felt shame flooding her senses as Eddie gripped her small waist which flared softly to narrow hips. "Please," her voice was a whisper. "It is a shame to be so treated . . ."

"That's only a sample of what you'll get, Geisha doll, if you get any ideas of deserting me."

Again, her petulant face was stricken with pain at being so insulted, to be deliberately misused in this manner. In traditional submissiveness, she permitted him to give vent to his impulses. Much later, as they both rested in the soft glow of the Hibachi coal stove that dominated one corner of the low-ceilinged room, she again made a tearful plea.

"I beg you, Eddie-san, do not come back here again. My intended husband can give me the security that is so important to . . . one in my humble station in this life."

Eddie was more shaken than he dared let on. For the past year, his money had run out on him. He had come over to Japan on board a freighter, working his way all along the docks of the islands in the Pacific. When he reached Tokyo, he was in a good money situation. But he soon learned that Americans were scalped in this land of gentle refinement and soft Oriental women. Before long, he was down to his last hundred dollars and that was on the way out. When he first met Michiko, he had not intended making it something permanent. But she got into his blood. She fired his passions. She knew every trick in the Far East. She even taught him a few things. At first, he slipped her a few dollar bills. Gradually, there was no money exchange. When he was flat broke, Michiko silently began paying him.

For a Japanese girl, let alone a Geisha to give money to a man is a disgrace and humiliation (for the girl) that is without compare. But Mich-

iko did it for her Eddie-san. She had loved him, in the strange temporary manner of Oriental females, knowing that such goodness was to be treasured since it was for just a little while.

She had thrilled to his hard, masculine body, so unlike the slight, almost womanish frames of her native countrymen. His athletically developed arms and legs would ripple with bulging muscles as the two lovers would writhe in the delicious torment of fulfillment. To Michiko, Eddie-san was a God from the west. If she had known of Apollo, she would have worshipped Eddie-san as such. She loved to run her slender fingers through his curly blond hair; she marvelled at his unbelievably blue eyes. All the while, Eddie had treated Michiko like a delicate creature. He once whispered in her pink, shell-like ear,

"In the west, a man is happy only if he can make his woman feel just as good."

How different it was with the men who came to the teahouse where she kneelingly offered her services to them in exchange for a little silken bag of coins. They regarded her solely as an instrument of pleasure . . . *their* pleasure. She had never tasted the coveted supreme ecstasy of which other Geishas whispered secretly among themselves. It was Eddie-san who plied her body as he would a delicate and fragile blossom. Never had she known such soul-pleasing pleasures. Never would she know them again, she reflected. But she had no choice. Her father saw in her a profitable object for sale. The match had been made. But now, she was horror-stricken at Eddie's threat to expose her payment to him. She had not really paid him for his lovemaking. She had been helping him during his financial strains . . . which kept growing worse.

But Eddie saw it otherwise. "Remember, Michiko, I'll bust this whole marriage wide open. You'll be tossed out on your . . . well, you'll be out on the street—and you know how girls like *that* make their rice and tea?"

Michiko bit back her tears. "I feel tired now, Eddie-san."

He stood up, slipped into his clothes, keeping his back deliberately turned toward her until he was finished. He looked down at her, sitting naked on a bamboo mat. Her proud breasts were like twin doves with sharp tipped beaks. Her flaring hips reminded Eddie of soft Oriental cushions. She had a satin-soft silky-smooth skin that

failingly after gentle strokings. Yes, Eddie smiled to himself, I know all the tricks. "Uh, Michiko . . . I uh . . . need to pay my next month's rent today at that flea bag hotel on Ochabichi Street. They don't trust me any more. It's got to be cash in advance." He kept his hands in his pocket like a schoolboy making an embarrassed request. He received money from her on so many occasions that he always wondered why he felt so self-conscious each time. But he could not overcome this feeling.

Her bare feet made pad-pad-pad sounds as she walked to a small wooden chest at the far end of the paper-thin walled room. She opened the chest; as she bent over, her breasts were suspended, their soft contours like free flowing cream. For just a fleeting moment he felt the pain of a guilt-stricken conscience. Michiko had been great to him . . . now he was stooping so low as to blackmail her. But he was desperate . . . what else could he do? If he had been given a little time . . .

When she brought him the small roll of bills, he took them, stuffed them in the pocket of his worn khaki trousers, and mumbled his goodbye. For some reason, he was anxious to get away from her.

For days, even weeks, Eddie Newton struggled against his turbulent emotions. Nightly, he would toss in his iron poster bed, the springs creaking beneath his thin mattress. He could not get the picture of Michiko out of his thoughts. In his dreams he could feel her soft, warm thighs as she pressed her kitten-like flesh against him. He was lost in the strange aphrodisiacal fragrance of her midnight hair. She was as delicate and exquisite as rare *sake*. He could not stay away from her . . . neither could he permit her to walk out of his life, into a pre-arranged marriage with a man who would possess her body for himself. The body that he, Eddie Newton, had loved and once owned.

Eddie had fully intended keeping away from Michiko. He even went so far as to visit the few American-owned employment agencies in Tokyo but laborers were a drug on the market. Ships were filled to capacity. As for working for a Japanese boss, his peculiar Western pride did not allow that. Already, he was down to his last few dollars. He had to do something—and he made another visit to Michiko.

When she opened the door, Michiko's almond

a round O. He stepped inside. She slid the door closed. "Eddie-san, I must confess that I have been hoping you would come."

His face lit up. "Yeah? Well, I'm glad to see you're coming to your senses."

She moved past him, padding her way to a small ornately carved wooden table. There was a small package on top, wrapped in tissue thin green paper. Her delicate hands opened the string and she held out a folded *yukata*. He remembered it as a traditional sleeping kimona, embroidered with delightful Japanese motifs to guide the wearer into pleasant dreamland. It was a brilliant turquoise color with a dragon red sash with golden tassels. There was a second *yukata*, pure white with jet black herons embroidered on front and back. Its sash was a contrasting black with white tassels. "Do you remember, Eddie-san? We wore these the very first time . . ."

His eyebrows lifted. "Really?" He laughed easily. "This is old home town week for me. I remember hearing that this is an ancient Nippon tradition between first lovers."

"Yes, Eddie-san. Sometimes, ancient traditions are much wiser than modern customs." Then she vanished behind a green lacquered screen and there were sounds of undressing.

Eddie got the message. He shed his faded khakis and torn shirt, then his socks (he always left his shoes outside the door), and got into his turquoise *yukata*. Moments later, she came out from behind the screen. He sucked in his breath. She was like a delicate butterfly wing in her white *yukata*.

The hibachi coals glowed orange in a corner of the room. Even though it was cool, Eddie felt warm; the delicate material of his *yukata* teased his naked body and he felt the familiar longing coursing through his veins.

Michiko was warm, glowing-warm. Her body melted at his touch; even Eddie-san thrilled at the flames that were licking at her impulses, flames which grew into a violent holocaust that blotted out all reality.

More than ever, Eddie felt guilt-stricken at his shabby treatment of Michiko. Later that evening, when she had again donned the white *yukata*, she prepared *sake*. Both of them would sip the stimulating rice wine beverage. Eddie relaxedly watched her movements. Only in the Orient could a man receive such devotion from a female. How could he ever live in the States again?

They sipped the pungent rice wine. Her sloe eyes were contemplative and moody. "Eddie-san, you must have some more *sake*. I have made it warm, as warm as the love we have shared."

He could not refuse this request and drank deeply from the tiny transparent blue cup. Then he smacked his lips. "And we're going to have a lot warmer times, baby. Don't get any ideas about running out on me."

She again tilted the slender necked bottle of *sake*. She emptied it in his cup and again he drained it dry. He was feeling the stupor-like effects. Through glazed eyes he watched her go to the small wooden chest and bring out a small pillow of silk upon which was embroidered strange Oriental characters. She placed the pillow between them. Then she placed a shining object upon the pillow—a short-handled knife—with a blade that gleamed sharp and bright.

Michiko gazed longingly at the gleaming knife, fingered the ornately carved handle. Then she picked it up and held it in her right hand. With her left hand, she undid the sash of her *yukata*. It fell apart. Her sloping breasts and creamy white flesh were nakedly revealed. With deliberate motions, Michiko moved onto the soft pillow, kneeling on it. Then she gripped the ceremonial knife in both hands and aimed it at her soft belly, at a point just below her dimple-like navel.

"Hey!" cried out Eddie Newton, the color draining from his face. "What are you doing? Don't kid around like that." He would have seized the ceremonial knife but feared that there would be a struggle and she might—might . . .

"You have been in Japan for a long time, Eddie-san." She spoke quietly. Her delicate face was composed, without expression. "You know of our traditions. My actions have placed a *kiri*—a humiliation—upon my intended husband. This is a disgrace that cannot be borne. The only salvation is *hari kiri*—for both of us."

Eddie struggled to get up. His *yukata* slipped from his body but he hardly noticed it. "What kind of fool talk is that? I thought *hari kiri* was abolished. Don't try to get me involved in a suicide pact."

Michiko was calm, unperturbed with the mysterious stoicism of Far Eastern women. "Since you are a partner in this shameful act, you must also commit *hari kiri*." Already, as she spoke in a voice that was as soft as a lotus blossom on a dark pool, she was aiming the knife with frightening accu-

racy. "You are not able to refuse, Eddie-san." Then she began a strange chant, rocking herself back and forth on her knees. Although the words were completely alien to him, it was clear that this was a death song... a death song for the two of them.

Nakedly, he backed away. "What do you mean I can't refuse? I'm not going to kill myself." Without waiting for her to answer, he hurried into his shabby clothes. This was something he had never expected. A suicide pact? What was the matter with some of these Orientals? Did they take love so seriously that they'd want to die over it?

She lowered her chanting to a soft whisper as gentle as the flight of a bird. "The *sake* was especially warmed, Eddie-san, so the poison powder would dissolve completely."

Eddie felt a stabbing pain in his groin. There was a nauseating twisting at his vitals. "No!" He felt himself grow pale. The blood drained out of his face. "No! The poison... what was it?" His words were hoarse. His throat felt constricted.

His legs were rubbery as he stumbled toward the sliding door, yanked it aside, forgot his shoes

as he ran screaming down the crowded street. He had taken one last look at Michiko. In that moment he saw the swift motion—then she closed her eyes. Her head went down to her knees. A thick red pool was forming on the pillow.

No! He started to scream even louder. Already, the people on the street were fleeing from this madman who was half-dressed, barefoot, wild-eyed, crying with savage tones. In a short while the ambulance from the local hospital would come and take away Eddie Newton. But he was so crazed from the *sake* that he would never again know what was happening. Even when he would be returned to the States in a strait jacket, his glossy eyes would stare unseeingly.

In the neat room, the still form of Michiko stirred slightly. Then she sat up, got to her feet in a traditional delicate movement and brought a small, damp rag. She wiped up the red ink stain, then sponged her soft belly. Moments later she was walking down the Ginza, to meet her intended husband.

As a tradition, matchmaking might not be to her liking—but Michiko smiled as she thought of traditions in Japan—and how useful they could be.

THE END





"So you are the great push-ups champion! ? !"



The Colorful miss green

There's the Yellow rose of Texas, Sweet Georgia Brown, and Alice Blue Gown. Now we introduce to you England's Charlotte Green.

Charley, as her friends call her, is one of Britain's most popular figure models. Charley started out working as a check out clerk in a super market. It was a pretty dull job, and she didn't have any other prospects in sight so she reported to work every day without much enthusiasm.

One day the manager of Charley's store told the check out clerks that they were going to have a large promotion for a certain Fish and Chip product and that they should be prepared for an unusually large crowd. The packager of the product was sending a model to plug their product.

Well, the extra supplies arrived, along with the company's representative. But the model never showed up. They were all tearing their hair out when the company representative saw Charley. He asked her if she would dress up in the mermaid's costume that the model was supposed to wear. She figured that it would be a change from the usual dull routine, and beside it would pay her a great deal more money for that day.

She got into the costume and was placed on the stand. She hadn't been on the stand for one hour when she had her first offer for a job as a model. One of her customers was a well known camera man. Did we say one of her customers? She received five offers that day, and she accepted all of them. That was the end of Charley's career in the super-markets, and the beginning of her career as a model. It didn't take her long to become one of the top models of her country.

The moral to this story is — Never be rude to a check out clerk in your local super market. You may be paying good money to look at her pictures in your favorite magazine. THIS ONE . . .



Naughty Nylons

"There is something about you that reminds me of the childhood refrain, 'You're kind of naughty but nice.'" These words were the first spoken to tousled-haired Vikki Marlo when she applied for a job as interior design consultant in her native North Carolina home town. Far from being a compliment, her interviewer was plainly admitting that this blonde moppet just would not fit in with the staid atmosphere of architecture and designing.

Vikki, a graduate of a leading Southern university (she is working toward her Ph.D.) took her sheepskin and lovely blonde hair, came North to New York where she was promptly hired as a color consultant for a leading fashion house on plush Park Avenue. "It was quite a challenge," reflects Vikki, twinkling her turquoise eyes. "But my work was satisfactory and I hope to soon open my own shop."











"Now they tell me there's no real Dr. Casey!"

KWEEN KARYL



If Karyl Williams can spell Carrol with a K and a Y, then we can spell Queen with a K and a W. Karyl has a theory that all spelling is completely goofy . . . She thinks that COOK should be spelled KUK, and that COAT should be spelled KOTE. She has many other such ideas that we won't go into now, but Karyl is compiling a dictionary with what she considers the proper spelling of English words. She isn't the only one who ever felt that way. George Bernard Shaw left a fortune to be used in creating an entirely new language. (Karyl wuz pleezed tu hear that shi wuz not alon in this fite . . .)













**BLACK
NYLON
MOOD**





Black Nylon becomes you
It goes with your hair.
Black Nylon is just
The right thing to wear.
Black Nylon becomes you.
I'm thrilled at the sight.
Black Nylon makes me romantic
At night.

You're all dressed up
To go dreaming,
In your black nylon sarong.
Oh what a night to be dreaming
Of you in black nylon chiffon.
If I say I love you
I'm sure that you'll know.
It's not that you're wearing nylon,
Although,
BLACK NYLON becomes you so











Pam Conway is known about town as the peek-a-boo girl. This is because she has a certain kittenish look of deviltry peering out of her soft, delicate face. With her wide-eyed naive stare, Pam looks as if you've just barged in on her unexpectedly and she's reacting with surprise. As a matter of fact, Pam Conway is full of fun and excitement. The tall, willowy blonde takes great delight in hiding in some remote place in the room and surprising you with a sexy cry of "Peek-a-boo!" After retrieving from the initial shock however, you find there is nothing ghost-like about the well-stacked chassis before you. It seems that Pam Conway is a million laughs — and we can sit around all night and count.

When she's not adorning the pages of magazines, Pam is a would-be songwriter. Although she's written hundreds of tunes none have been published. As she confided to us, some of these songs were so bad they had to be rewritten before they could be thrown away. This of course, we attributed to more of her fun-making, but when she told us about some of the titles she's written we were convinced she was putting us on. We are listing here some of the more intelligible titles she gave us. As a struggling songwriter, these gems will give you some idea of why she is still struggling . . .

SONGS N SEAMS

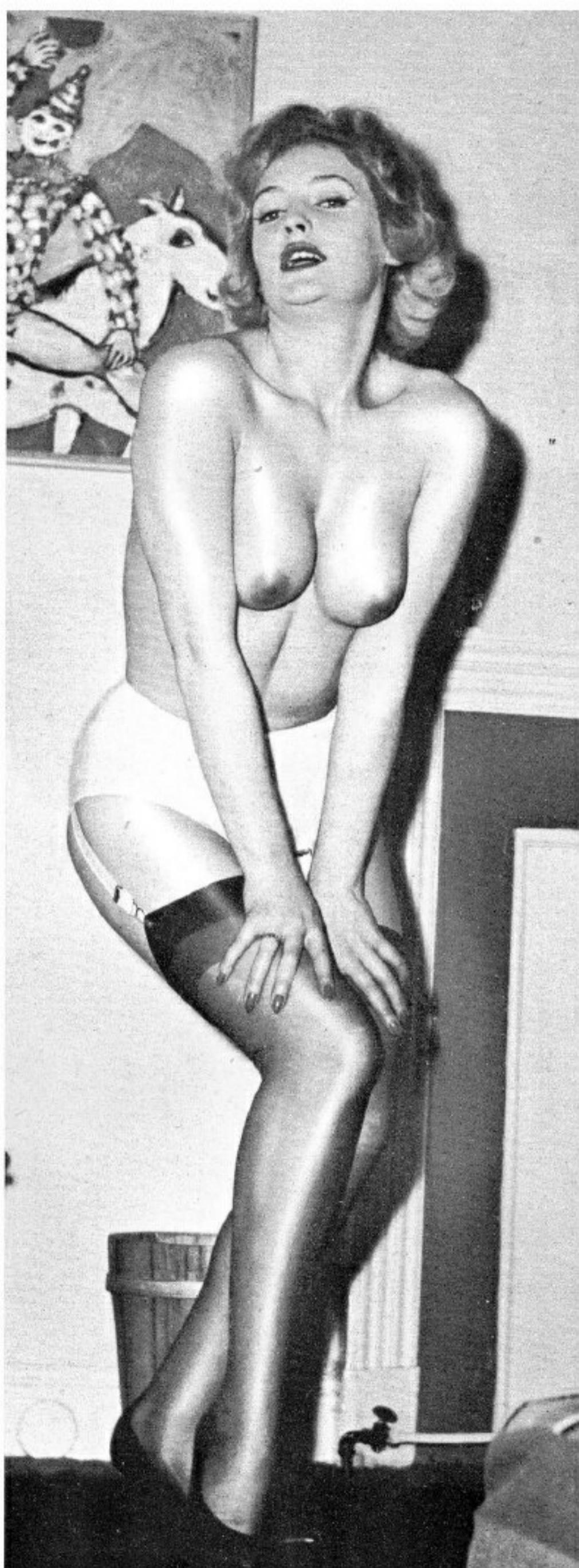
SHE TREATED HIM LIKE A DOG AT FIRST
(So He Bit Her Like A Cur In The End)

I CAN'T GET OVER A GIRL LIKE YOU
(Get Out Of Bed And Answer The Phone By Yourself)

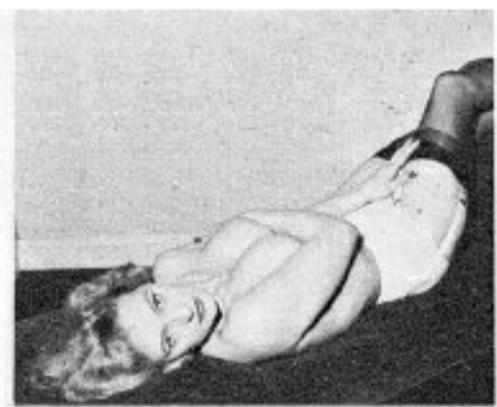
LET A SMILE BE YOUR UMBRELLA
(And You'll Wind Up With A Mouthful Of Rain)

SHE WOULDN'T KISS ME IN THE CANOE
(So I Paddled Her Back)

PUT DOWN THAT JUKE BOX, MOTHER
(You're Too Old To Carry A Tune)





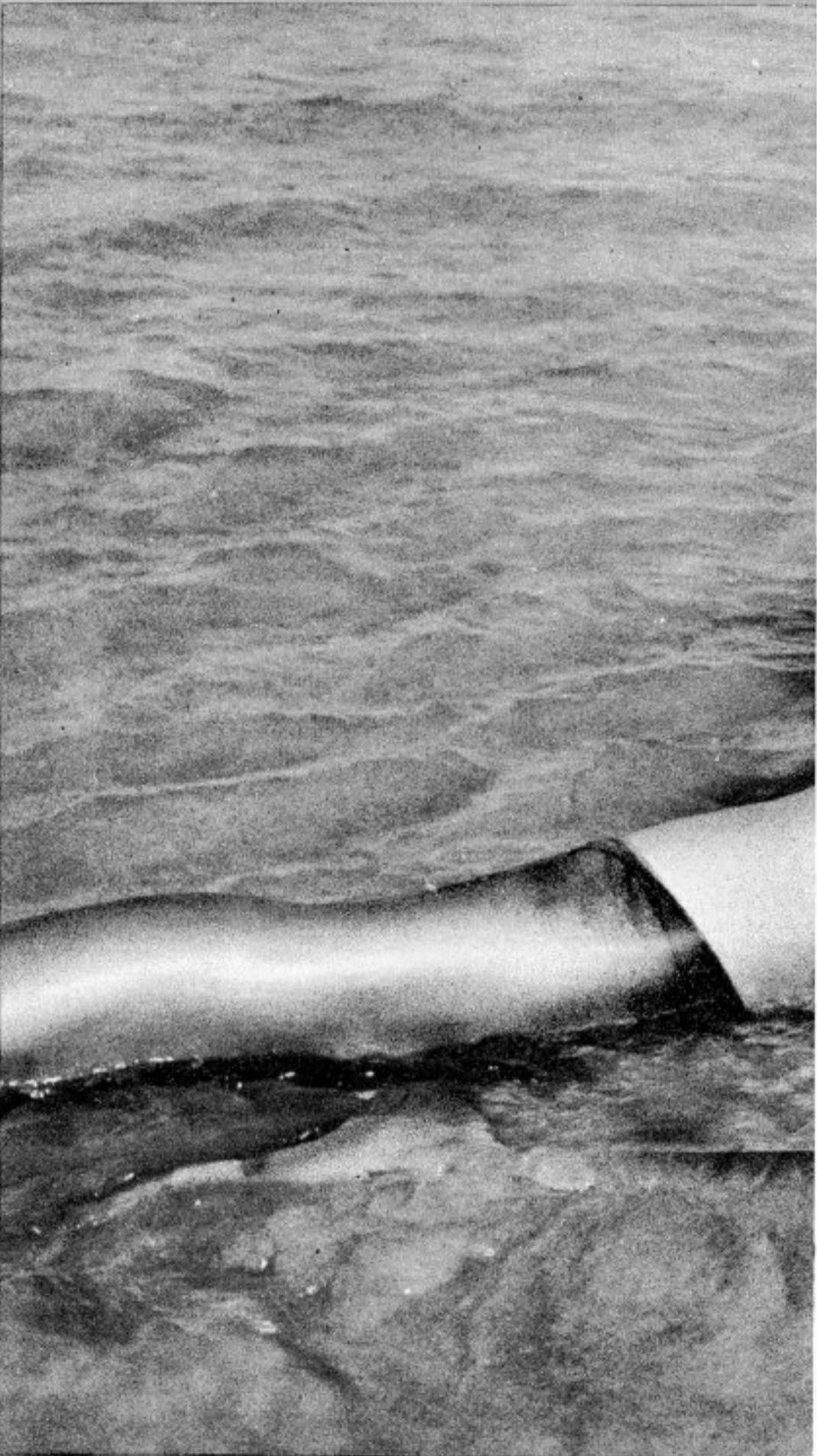


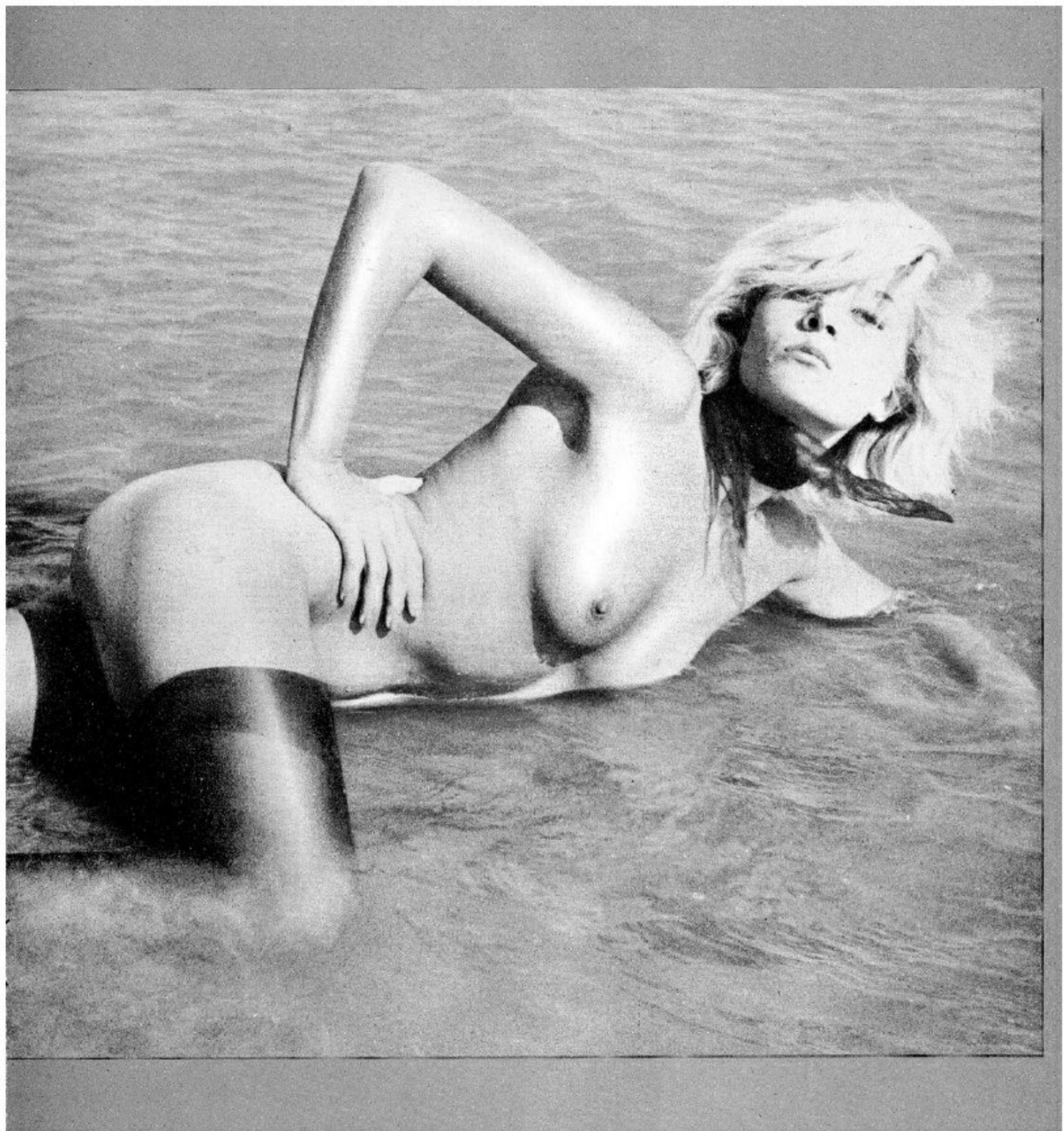




POLAR BABE IN NYLONS

Mari Sorensen is one of those Norse goddesses who thinks nothing of taking a dip in the briny deep in below zero weather. When she told us of this little peccadillo of hers we were as skeptical as you are right now. But she made an appointment with us for the next time the weather took a downward turn. She called us on the first morning that the weather was about 5 below zero. We met at Jones beach. We were dressed for what might have been an expedition into the frozen wasteland of the Yukon. Mari was already splashing around in the water in her birthday suit when we arrived. We had trouble keeping our shutter from freezing, and she romped around as though the temperature was in the nineties. It finally got to her though and she had to come out of the water and make a concession to the cold weather. She put on a neckerchief, and nylon stockings and went back into the water.









KEEP YOUR



Lorna Lewis is a girl who hates women's hats. . . . They are usually frilly little things that blow away with the slightest breeze, and they don't do a thing to keep your head warm in the winter, and if there is anything that Lorna can't stand it's a cold head.

She finally solved the problem of attractive head gear, and head warmth at the same time. She wears wigs.

Lorna has wigs for all occasions. They are formal wigs and informal wigs. They come in all lengths and colors. She even has one blond wig with the hair cascading down her back and trailing three feet behind her. She never has to worry about a wig blowing off in the wind, and they certainly keep her head warm. . . . Lorna is seen here modeling her favorite BEE HIVE wig. Makes you wonder what's buzzin' in her bonnet?



WIG WARM



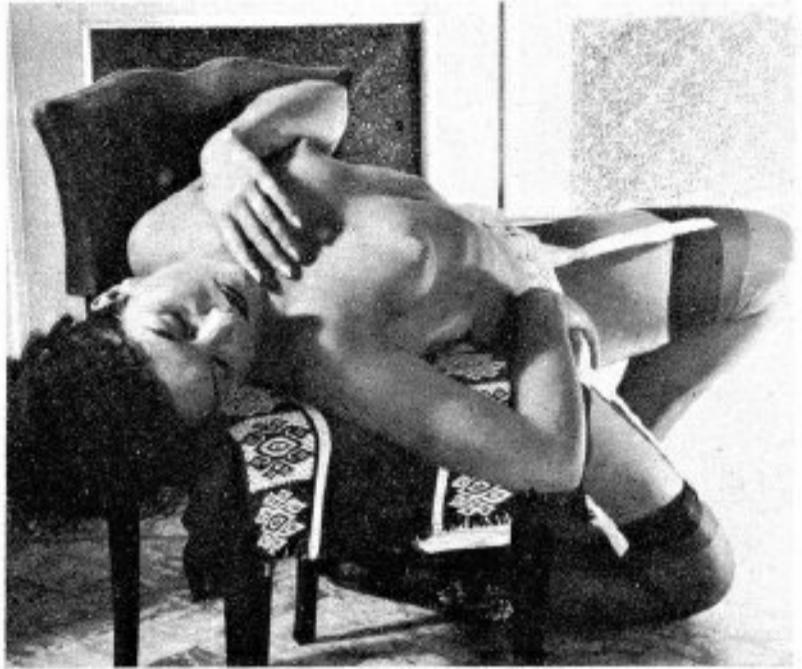




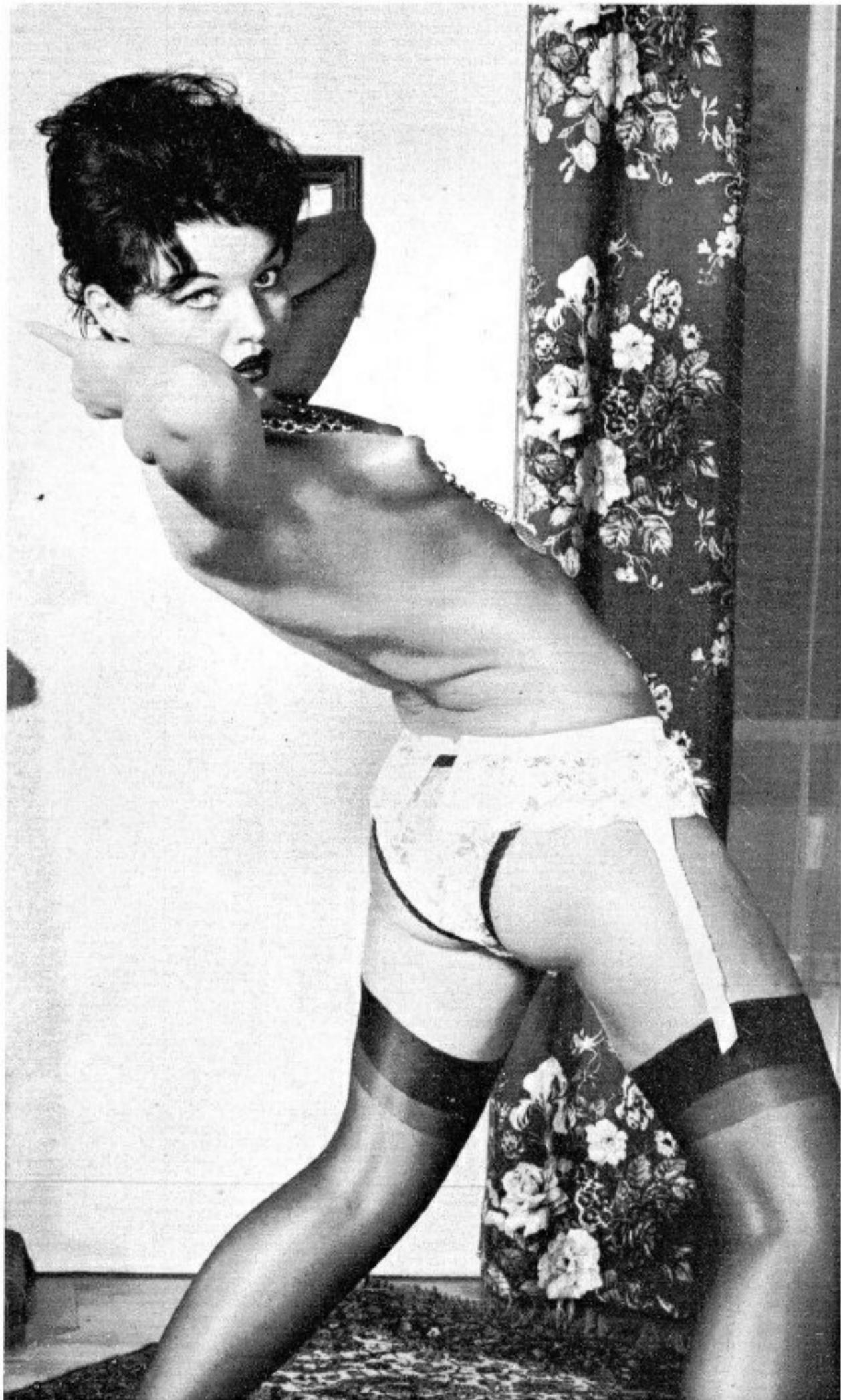




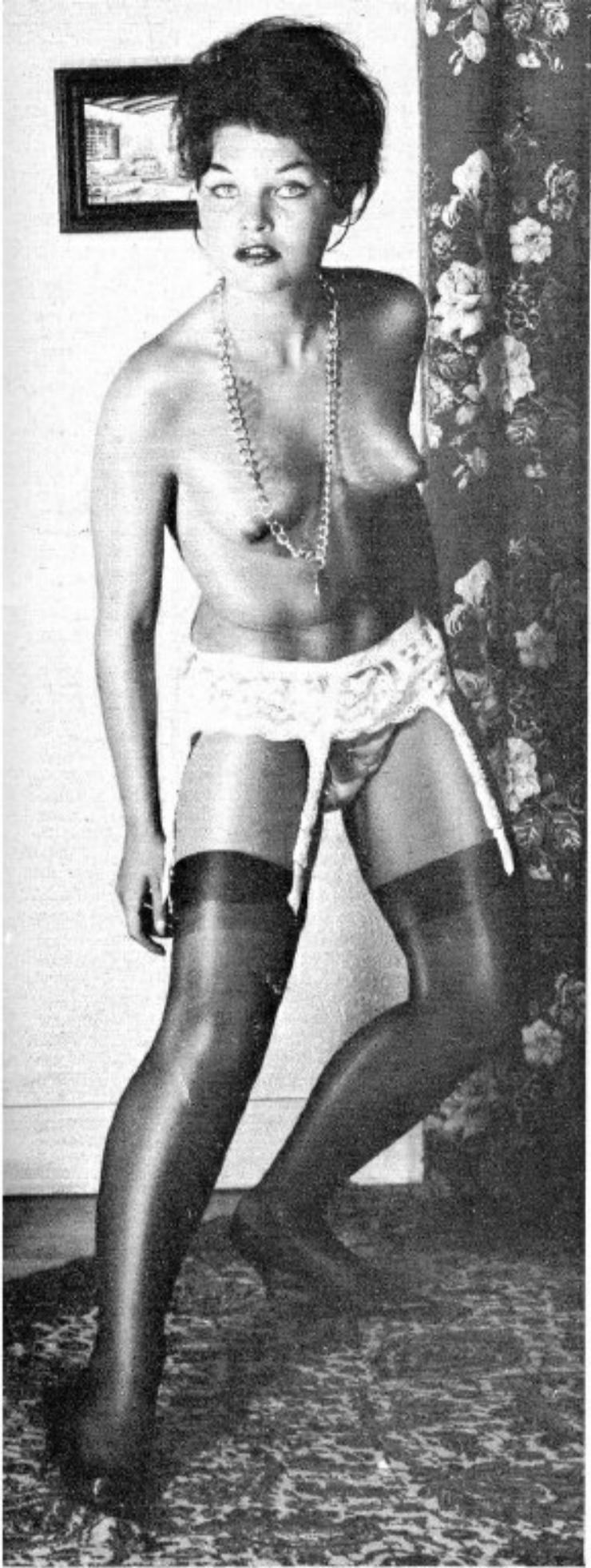
That Magic Touch



Do not look for any special feats of legerdemain. Her hand is not quicker than your eye, and it should be obvious that she has nothing up her sleeve. But if you would like to see 500 pairs of eyes suddenly stare off in one direction as though they were hypnotized, then all you have to do is watch the people in a room when Chantale Goddard enters. Noisey parties suddenly become quiet just because she has come in. When she walks on the street all traffic stops. This all happens because Chantale has that touch of magic that is bestowed on too few females.







Nylons in a Sultry Mood

Were nylons made for Jan Jeffries—or was Jan Jeffries made for nylons? This question led to a meeting in her book-lined studio apartment in New York's famed Greenwich Village. The walls were colorfully decorated with surrealistic paintings—each female in the painting (if blocks, circles and ellipses could be called a female) was garbed in sleek, black nylons.

"While most girls improve the sleek length of their legs, from tip toe to thigh, with slinky nylons, they seem to do something special to me. Jan Jeffries. They create a mood, so to speak." She reads in her spare (?) time and thoroughly devours such awesome tomes as Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, Theodore Dreiser, Freud and also Will Durant. She is an extremely versatile girl, discussing the latest best-sellers with the same understanding as talking about jazz. (She's a Dizzy Gillespie fan, by the way.)

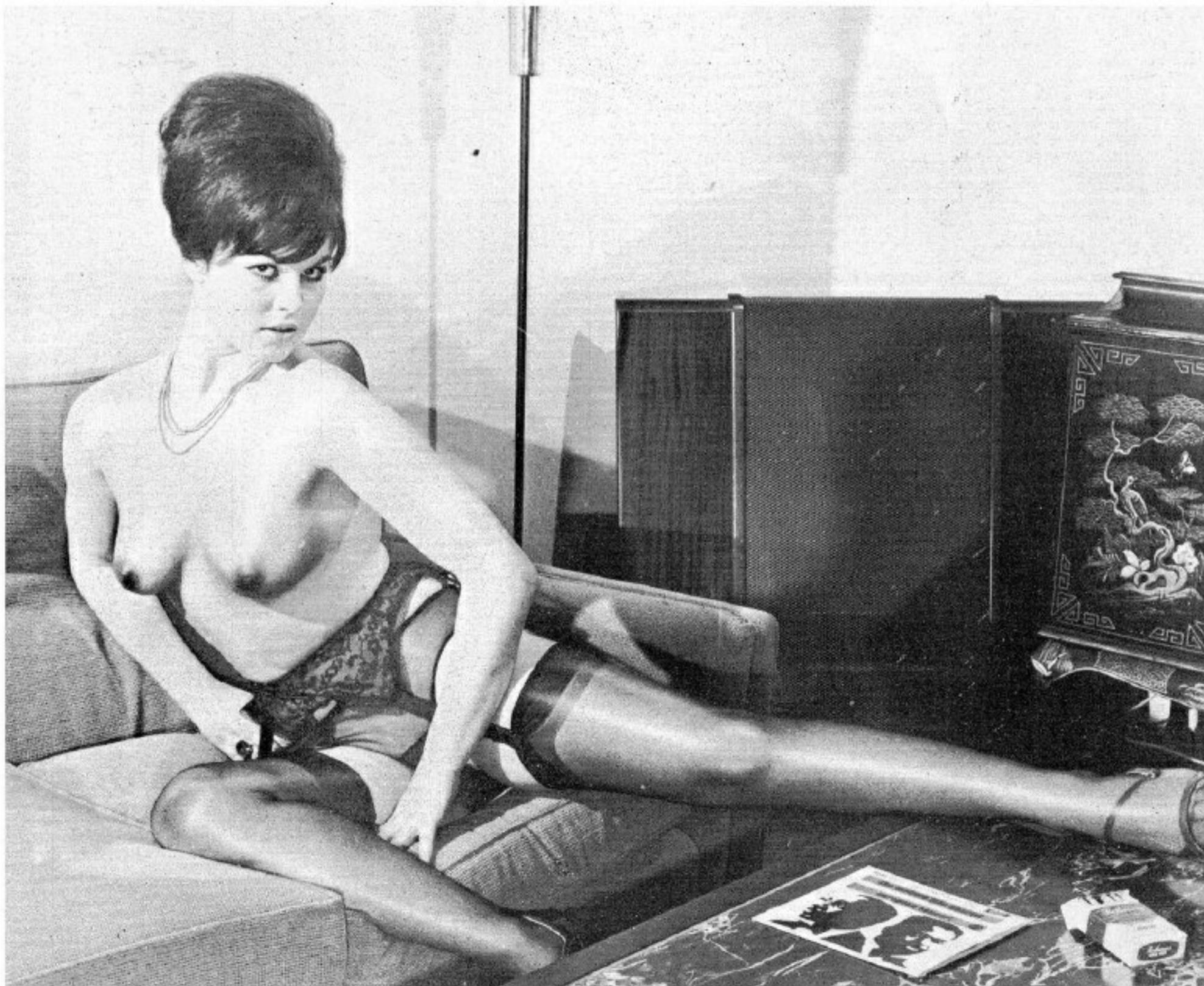
Measuring 36-24-36, Jan Jeffries looks as if she were poured into her nylons. She fills the wispy undergarments and thigh length hose to succulent proportions. She does, indeed, create a mood!

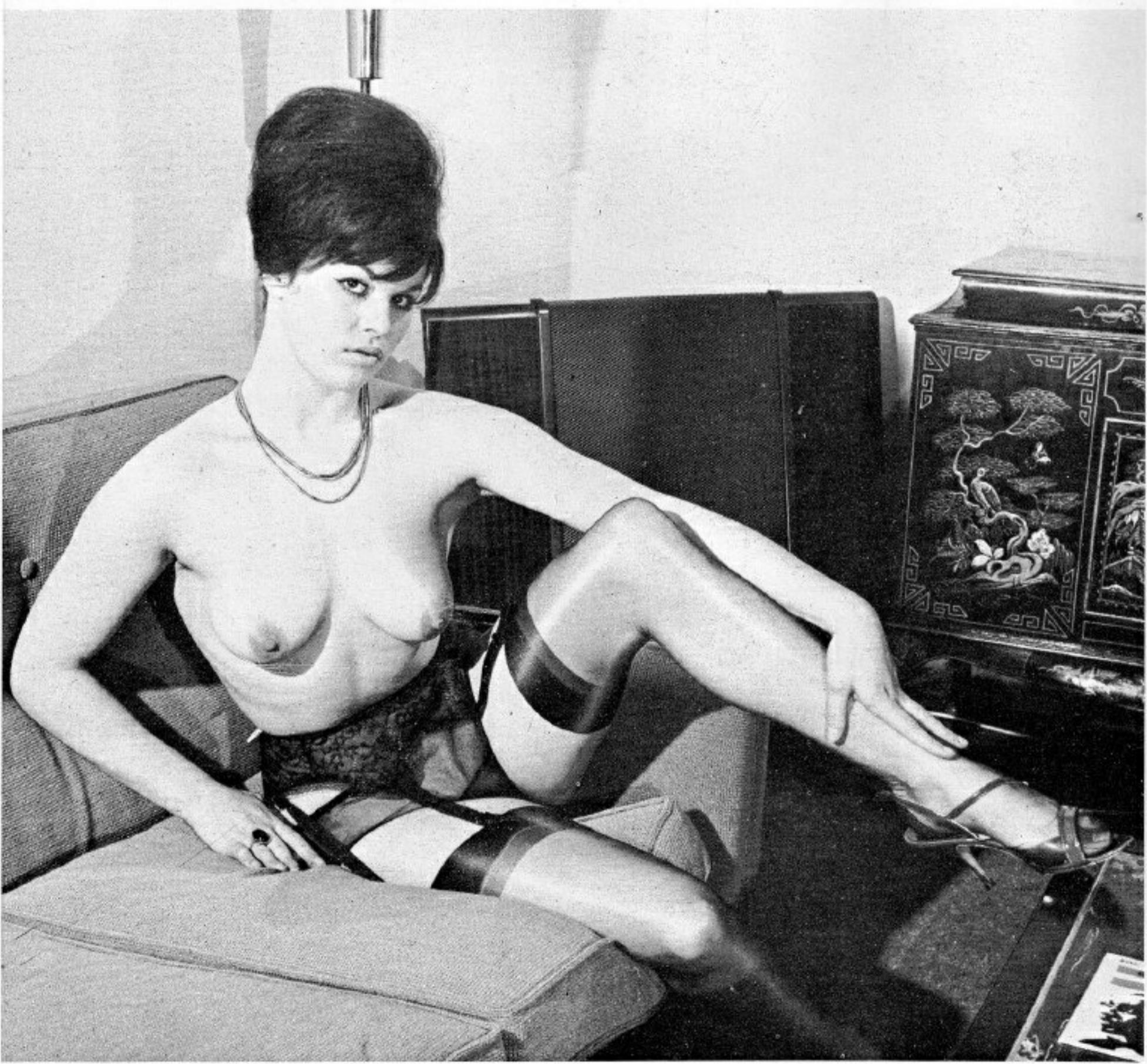


















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